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TWELVE PAGES

THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1899.

THE VERITY OF THINGS.

It is a difficult position for one to  
hold who knows that he is a Prince,  
of the blood royal, without acknowl-  
edged rank or means, and known only  
as one of the common people. Hans  
Andersen's "Ugly Duckling" very well  
portrays one aspect of the matter, and  
how time alone brings a natural de-  
velopment that makes all even; but  
there are other and graver aspects that  
are not so easily dealt with, and which  
in some cases compel consequences that  
are disastrous either to the Prince in-  
cognito or to others—some times to all  
concerned.

If, in these casual mistakes and mis-  
placements, the "Ugly Duckling" al-  
ways revealed himself in due course of  
time and were restored happily to his  
place and family, they could be regard-  
ed, at worst, as but temporary annoy-  
ances that soon bring about their own  
happy ending, and that, really, have a  
certain romance that is interesting and  
attractive. But, unluckily, Hans An-  
dersen is but the providence of the one  
ugly duckling, in his pretty fable, while  
there are so many in real life who ut-  
terly miss the benevolence of Hans An-  
dersen, and fall under the malign in-  
fluence of ogres, cruel giants, and devil-  
ish fiends that abound vastly more in  
actual life than in imagination and  
fiction.

But for the novelist, fabulist, and  
teller of fairy-tales which everyone of  
us carries within himself, this actual  
life of stern realities would be in-  
tolerable to most of us, if not to all.  
We may be, in fact, but the ugly  
ducklings that we seem, or venomous  
toads, with no precious jewels in our  
heads, or hearts; yet if we can but hear  
hope's flattering tale, and read the fic-  
tions that our imaginations are always  
so busily dictating to our type-writers,  
the reality of existence becomes the  
unreal—the nightmare of sleep—and  
we are indeed the lost princes, the  
stray swans, and the Adams and Eves  
of a new Eden, inaccessible to sorrows  
and their guide. The hideous grad-  
grinds, who pursue us with reality,  
facts, figures and the hard form and  
substance of things, are the manifold  
furies, and the raving demons of this  
temporal purgatory; truth flies and  
hides from them; and only the Father  
of Lies finds congenial companions in  
them and knows how to appreciate  
their facts, fresh from the factories  
whose manufactures are incompatible  
with that truth which is love, faith and  
charity.

Even if it be utterly false that we are  
Princes, or swans, it is transmuted into  
the best and highest truth if our faith  
cause us to live nobler and higher lives;  
for that is the essential thing—the soul  
of all things; for if one be a Prince, or  
a swan, in fact; but in truth, only a  
puddle-duck, or a Prince of frauds and  
swindlers, the false Prince and the false  
swan were the better and higher. "The  
letter killeth; the spirit maketh alive."  
Do we fully understand that divine  
truth? If so, we may comprehend how  
a song or a sentiment may transcend  
constitutions and laws; or how a name,  
or a flag, or a date, may tell a na-  
tion's history more fully and truly than  
all the labored tomes, the dusty annals,  
and the minute chronicles that we offer  
in tribute to our national fame and  
pride. A fable, or a parable, or a fancy,  
may embody the supreme verity.

FOR WEALOR WOE.

The complexity of man is one of his  
chief difficulties. He is not one per-  
son, but at least four: a physical, in-  
tellectual, moral and spiritual being,  
and in each a puzzle and a mystery.  
He is as difficult to guide, control, or  
drive as a team of unbroken colts, and  
if he be physically reduced to order and  
the rein, one, or another, or all, his  
other three natures may be utterly un-  
manageable. Just so even with his  
moral character; for, if it be fully de-  
veloped and disciplined, his health may  
fail, or his animal passions, upon which  
morality so much depends, may upset  
him or run away with him; his intel-  
lectual being may wander off, or be-  
come blind; and his spiritual entity,  
least understood of all, may fall into  
lunacy, or visionary tendencies, or in-  
comprehensible vagaries. And there is  
the final task of bringing all into har-  
mony with one another, with exterior  
personal circumstances, and with the  
world at large.

The perfect balance of the man in  
himself, in all that is not himself, and  
in all that has been, is, and may be,  
is simply impossible, so far as we can  
see and understand, though there may  
be some spiritual power of adjustment  
that may, or can and will compel or  
compose all diversity and dissension to  
exquisite accord. But that is not yet.  
All we are yet competent to hope is  
that there is such a power and that it  
resides somewhere in our spiritual  
capacity, or in relation to it. Physical,  
intellectual and moral man, in his  
furthest evolution, or dreams of imagi-  
nation, confesses his impotence to  
solve problems upon whose solution de-  
pend his final success and triumph over  
all things, including himself; but he  
has an inspired or inherent sense, or  
irrepressible consciousness, that he has  
a spiritual endowment that, in the last  
resort, will come to his rescue. It must  
be so, too. The law of inevitable neces-  
sity assures faith and reason that  
creation cannot fail, and that therefore  
man has allies in Omnipotence and  
Omniscience that will supply him with  
all their resources to make him con-  
queror in the end.

It is something worth living for. It  
is a consummation that measures up to  
the demands of time, space, life and  
faith; and only in realized and com-  
prehended infinity, eternally, immortality  
and limitless bliss can be found any  
justification for the probation of man,  
the sacrifice of God, and the awful  
suspense of the universe, its angels and  
devils.

These interests and inquiries are not  
at all partisan or political; but neither  
men nor journals can afford:

"To narrow their mind,  
And give up to party what was meant  
for mankind."

There is no change of administration  
nor party on any spiritual issue or  
principle; yet every man must take  
sides, either for or against, the spiritual  
truth—for weal or woe.

"BY RIGHTS."

There are many words and phrases  
still in more or less popular use that  
were once in everybody's mouth, but  
that for some reason have fallen into  
disuse and become obsolete among the  
educated. Among these are words and  
phrases which the present generation  
regards as but the result of ignorance,  
without a suspicion that they are sur-  
vivals of speech that were once not  
only allowable, but very correct and  
proper. One of these is "by rights,"  
indifferently applied to duties and ex-  
emptions, exactions and privileges, and  
to liberty and its obligations. Old folks  
of the people everywhere say that "by  
rights," they had to work the public  
roads, do militia and patrol service, sit  
on juries, and the like, as they also  
say that "by rights," they could vote,  
hold office, express their opinion on all  
public subjects or persons, have trial  
by jury, be relieved of certain burdens  
at prescribed ages, and so forth. In  
the old days, to pay taxes was "a  
right," as well as to enjoy the protec-  
tion of government, or the privileges of  
free thought, free religion, free speech  
and free press.

Even the rising generation, in seclud-  
ed sections of the country, almost in-  
variably include all public, or common,  
provisions and prescriptions, no matter  
what their nature, under the general  
term of "rights,"—as, "by rights," a  
man who has committed a crime should  
be fined and imprisoned, or hanged, ac-  
cording to the degree of his offense; or,  
"by rights," may claim compensation  
for property taken for public uses, or  
damaged by the government or any in-  
dividual, or may kill another in self-  
defense, &c. Power, obedience, imposi-  
tion, exemption, obligation, privilege,  
duty, right, or task, if of law and for  
all, was a right, and "by rights," of, by,  
and for all.

It is very doubtful if there is any gain  
in fact, or language, by this distinction  
between liberty and duty, between  
power and obedience, between right and  
obligation, in public and civil affairs.  
Penalties and rewards are really  
equally "by rights," in the best and  
highest sense, or are wrong; and so it  
may be said of all obligations and de-  
mands, duties and privileges, imposi-  
tions and exemptions, powers and lib-  
erties—all are "rights," or they are  
wrong.

It is no less instructive than interest-  
ing to examine into many of these  
words and phrases that still linger  
among the uneducated or old-fashioned  
people, and which are usually set down,  
without inquiry, either as "vulgar  
errors," "obsolete expressions," or  
"solecisms of speech," when, truly, they  
are idiomatic forms, survivals of lan-

guage, and types of evolution, that re-  
veal to intelligent scrutiny the very  
germ of what is, and by what ways  
and under what influences progressive  
thought and feeling have undergone  
changes, more or less good or evil,  
from old or original forms and ideas,  
that, if valueless in themselves, at  
least throw an interesting light on  
obscurities that often hide most useful  
and unsuspected truth.

WE ENVY THE RICH.

Mr. Carnegie, the millionaire ironman,  
once said that it was a disgrace for a  
man of wealth to die rich—thus an-  
nouncing that he intended to distribute  
his millions while yet alive. Mr. Car-  
negie, nevertheless, is likely to die a  
millionaire, in disgrace; for he has not  
yet got rid of his wealth, and does not  
find it so easy to do so satisfactorily,  
as he supposed he would. He might  
have died any day since he said that  
he who died rich, died disgraced, and  
with all the diligence he is likely to  
use, he may yet die wealthy.

In allusion to this and the will of  
the recently deceased Roswell P. Flow-  
er, of New York, a Richmond contem-  
porary says:

"A rich man who pursues this course  
does not die 'disgraced.' The rich man  
who lives well, who uses his money for  
the benefit of others, for the good of  
humanity, and for the development of  
his own character, and dying, distrib-  
utes it in such a way as that it still  
may accomplish the greatest good in  
the world, expressing in the provisions  
of his will the sentiments of a generous  
heart, a man who thus lives, we say,  
will die not disgraced by his wealth,  
but honored by it, and through it, and  
the fortune which he leaves behind will  
be to him a noble monument."

That is right. It is common-sense.  
Neither we nor our contemporaries are  
millionaires; yet neither would consider  
the possession of millions a disgrace,  
during life, nor at death.

Honor and shame from no condition  
rise." Serve God and love your fellow-  
man is all; and the rich are to be en-  
vied only for their ability to do good  
with their wealth.

STOP THIS OVER-WORK!

We do not know whether to say it  
"with regret," or not, but it is the fact  
that THE VIRGINIAN-PILOT is in  
no connection or communication with  
the Democratic State Chairman, or the  
Democratic State Executive Commit-  
tee, or any of the official powers of the  
party; or any ring, clique, or other  
combination to rule or effect the Demo-  
cratic party in respect to any person,  
or measure, or policy. Democratic as  
it is to the very marrow, it speaks only  
for itself and the people; represents  
nobody but itself and the people, and  
consults nobody but the people in dis-  
covering the popular will, though it  
does devote its best judgment and en-  
ergies in developing and directing this  
will toward the best interests and  
rights of the people. This may account  
for its occasional differences with the  
official will, and the cut and dried of-  
ficial programs made in anticipation of  
the popular desire and without any  
consultation with the people; but it  
also accounts for the fact that not only  
on main points, but on details of ways  
and means, THE VIRGINIAN-PILOT  
is generally arm in arm with the rank  
and file, if sometimes it is not follow-  
ing the official beck and wink.

We are very willing to concede, and  
do cheerfully concede, that this official  
tendency to supercede the people in  
choosing candidates, and directing the  
party policy, is most amiable and  
praiseworthy; but, on the whole, we  
prefer to be guided by the people them-  
selves in these matters, as we find also  
that the people prefer to decide them;  
not only because they consider it their  
business to do so, but because they  
think the official gentlemen have quite  
enough to do to attend strictly to their  
own business, and allow the people to  
attend strictly to what is theirs. We  
find wide concurrence in this view.

There is a great difference and dis-  
tinction between the government and  
its administration. The government is  
the State; the administration is the  
men employed by the people who con-  
stitute the State to carry on the gov-  
ernment. The latter is permanent and  
changeable. The government is master;  
the administration is servant, or should  
be, and the moment it disobeys, or at-  
tempts to rule, it is a maladministration,  
and must be dismissed at once, or  
as early as possible. Government rep-  
resents the people and their supreme  
will; administration represents a party  
and its policy, subject to government.  
The government is a sacred trust, and  
must not be violated; the administra-  
tion may be vile, and every good citi-  
zen should oppose and denounce its  
evil deeds.

The moment an administration, in  
this free and self-governing country,  
has to seek the protection of the gov-  
ernment from the people, or to usurp  
the government, it is an unfaithful,  
treacherous, treasonable servant, dan-  
gerous and unprofitable, and should no  
longer be trusted.

It is a gross mistake to suppose that  
satan and sin rule the world, in spite  
of God and good. Crime and lawless-  
ness do not always obtain their de-  
serts, but jail, penitentiary and shame  
are after them. Even in politics the  
devil does not always do the counting.  
God is neither deaf, nor blind, nor blind,  
nor much afraid of Hanna.

"What an outrage!" cried the pris-  
oner at the bar. "Where is my crime,  
your honor, when the prosecution ad-  
mits that the bank I relieved of \$50,-  
000 in 1896, has now \$100,000 more than  
it had four years ago?"

VIRGINIAN-PILOT'S  
HOME STUDY GIRGLE

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DIRECTED BY PROF. SEYMOUR EATON

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by mail, will be held at their close as a basis for the granting of Certificates.

POPULAR STUDIES IN LITERATURE.

XIII.—LITERARY CLUBS OF  
LONDON.

(Concluded.)  
BY JOHN EDENBERGER BRYANT, M.A.

Dryden died in 1701, and the fame of  
Will's coffee house, though for ten  
years or more it was known as the  
Will's coffee house, soon fell away. It  
was succeeded in popularity with the  
literary beaux of the day, by  
Butt's. Of Butt's coffee house Addi-  
son was the great patron. Pope tells  
us in Spence's "Anecdotes" that "Addi-  
son usually studied all the morning,  
then met his party at Butt's, dined  
there, and stayed five or six hours; and  
sometimes far into the night." And he  
adds: "I was of the company for about  
a year, but found it too much for me,  
it hurt my health, and so I quitted it."  
Other literary frequenters of Butt's,  
besides Addison and Pope, were Steele,  
Swift, Arbuthnot and Savage. But-  
t's continued to be the place of re-  
sort for the literary people of the day  
until Addison's death, and then its  
fame also fell away.

St. James' coffee house had a longer  
vogue. It was a famous place of resort  
from Queen Anne's time till late in the  
reign of George III. So far as our pur-  
pose is concerned, it is principally fa-  
mous from the association of Goldsmith  
with it. Toward the close of Gold-  
smith's life, he, with other men of tal-  
ent and genius, was a member of a  
temporary association—some of them  
members of "the" club, Johnson, Burke,  
Reynolds, etc.—that frequently met at

As an actor confessed without rival to  
shine.  
As a wit, if not first, in the very first  
line.  
Yet with talents like these, and an ex-  
cellent heart.  
The man had his failings, a dupe to  
his art.  
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors  
he spread.  
And he plastered with rouge his own  
natural red.  
On the stage he was natural, simple,  
affecting;  
'Twas only that when he was off he  
was acting."

It is related by Cumberland, one of  
those "retailed" upon, that the occa-  
sion when Goldsmith read his epitaphs  
"was the last time he ever enjoyed the  
company of his friends." Goldsmith,  
alas, of all that company of brilliant  
wits was the first to be committed to  
the grave, and the time was very soon.  
Any sketch of the literary clubs of  
London, as matter how short, would  
be incomplete without some reference  
to those that are in vogue at the pres-  
ent day. The clubs of the nineteenth  
century differ from those of the seven-  
teenth and eighteenth—from those that  
Johnson had in mind when he framed  
his definition for the word—in almost  
everything but the one fact that every  
member must be balloted for or chosen  
with the consent of the rest. Johnson's  
club was never more than forty in  
membership. The great clubs of to-day  
have memberships running up into the  
thousands. Modern clubs are in fact



THE BLAKENEY'S HEAD.  
(A famous old London Inn.)

the St. James, and occasionally dined  
there. As an amusement, the habit  
grew up among them of writing bur-  
lesque or comic epitaphs upon one an-  
other. One of these epitaphs was the  
famous impromptu of Garrick's:

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for short-  
ness called Noll.  
Who wrote like an angel, but talked  
like poor Poll."

Garrick tells us that Goldsmith, be-  
ing called upon to recite to this im-  
promptu, either would not or could not,  
but that "he went to work and some  
weeks after produced the poem called  
"Retaliation." Various accounts of  
the affair are given. It is generally  
supposed, however, that the epitaphs  
found in the poem were squibs really  
got off by Goldsmith in a more or less  
serious sort of way, and that the  
putting them together into continuous  
form and the furnishing them with an  
introduction were afterthoughts. It is  
noticeable that the "epitaph" on Rey-  
nolds was altogether eulogistic. Rey-  
nolds' character was so wholly lovable  
that Goldsmith had not heart to bur-  
lesque it. The epitaphs on Burke and  
Garrick, however, were pointedly satir-  
ical. Burke was his countryman whose  
facile exuberance of conversational  
power, so unlike his own, and so im-  
portant that he had no doubt found it  
hard sometimes to put up with. We  
have in our first paper given some lines  
from the "epitaph" on Burke. As a  
further relish to our story we will now  
give a few lines from the "epitaph" on  
Garrick:

"Here lies David Garrick, describe me  
who can.  
An abridgement of all that was pleas-  
ant in man,

Davy. The first secretary was Faraday,  
Davy's successor in the Royal institu-  
tion—afterward so celebrated. The  
name first chosen was simply "The So-  
ciety," in harmony with the fashion set  
by the members of Johnson's club, who  
declined to call their association by  
any other name than "The Club." It  
was not long, however, before the ap-  
propriate name, "The Athenaeum," was  
chosen. Among the first members were  
seven gentlemen who afterward became  
prime ministers of England. In 1830  
the new club building, costing £20,000,  
was completed and occupied. In June  
of that year, though the membership  
had been increased to 500 and only 100  
new members were to be elected, there  
were 1,000 candidates to choose the 100  
from.

From a beginning as auspicious as  
this it could scarcely have happened  
that the Athenaeum should not prosper.  
It certainly has had its full measure  
of success, and has become without  
doubt the most illustrious society of its  
sort in the world. Its membership  
has embraced the cleverest, the ablest,  
the most learned men in England from  
its organization up to the present time.  
It has been humorously said of it that  
"there are few mundane difficulties  
likely to present themselves that could  
not be solved instantly by some one of  
the members to be found between 4 and  
6 o'clock within its confines."

We have further space only to give  
some indication of the quality of its  
membership by the instancing of a few  
names—in addition to those already  
mentioned: Thackeray, elected in 1851  
(Thackeray wrote many chapters of his  
novels here); Dickens (it was here that  
Dickens and Thackeray were reconciled  
after their unfortunate estrangement);  
Wilkie Collins; Anthony Trollope (Trol-  
lope did much of his writing here);  
Bulwer Lytton; Sir Charles Lyell;  
Whewell; Darwin ("I am sure the first  
evening I felt like a duke," Darwin  
wrote); Sir Roderick Murchison; Sir  
Edwin Landseer; "Gothen" Kinglake;  
Matthew Arnold. It may be added that  
the chief glory of the Athenaeum is its  
library, one of the finest in London, or  
for that matter in England.

"Such then is the Athenaeum. It is  
a club which has welcomed men of  
the century. Keeping true to the object  
for which it was instituted, it has pre-  
served its distinctive character and  
remains pre-eminently the literary club  
of the world. Exclusive in one sense it  
may be, but it is inclusive in another,  
for in it we discover none of the acerb-  
ities of 'caste,' Thither resort, day af-  
ter day, men of intellect and of intel-  
lectual tastes, lovers and adherents of  
literature and art. The scientist, the  
poet, the philosopher, the traveler, the  
ambassador, the author, the artist, the  
theologian, the statesman, the highest  
members of the learned professions, and  
these most eminent in naval, military,  
and civil life, persons of all shades of  
political opinion, the nobleman, the  
man about town and the country gen-  
tleman, the stoic and the epicurean,  
met here on a social equality elsewhere  
unattainable."—F. G. Waugh.

STUDENTS' NOTES.

1. The great repository of all facts,  
relating to Johnson and his friends, of  
course, Boswell's "Life." A standard  
edition is that edited by Dr. Birbeck  
Hill and published by Harpers (six vol.;  
\$10). Cheaper editions are published by  
other houses. Boswell's "Life of John-  
son" is perhaps the best of its class.  
2. The student of the Johnsonian pe-  
riod can find no better sources of in-  
formation and instruction respecting it  
than the "Lives" of Johnson, Burke and  
Goldsmith (by Leslie Stephen, John  
Morley and William Black, respective-  
ly), in the "English Men of Letters" se-  
ries. Stephen's work is a masterpiece.  
Morley's is perhaps less interesting.  
Black's is admirable in every way, es-  
pecially in its sympathy. To these  
books may be added Pulling's excellent  
little monograph on "Reynolds" (Scrib-  
ner's).
3. To those interested in the general  
club of life of London, Timbs' "Clubs  
and Club Life in London" may be re-  
commended. Besides giving accounts  
of all the famous clubs of London it  
gives account, with anecdotes, illus-  
trations, etc., of all the old taverns,  
eating houses and coffee houses that  
have served as meeting places for clubs,  
or the resorts of famous parties, sets,  
coteries, cliques, etc. Though a quar-  
ter of a century old the book is still a  
standard authority and its interest is  
as fresh as ever it was. (Scribner's.)  
Timbs' "A Century of Anecdotes—from  
1769 to 1869" may also be consulted.  
Anecdotes have a never-failing interest  
and in this little book the authentic an-  
ecdotes of nearly all the notable per-  
sons of the hundred years concerned  
have been most painstakingly collected.  
(Chicago: McClurg & Co.)
4. London has an interest for Eng-  
lish-speaking people that no other city  
in the world can offer and many vol-  
umes of descriptive and historical to-  
pography have been written to embody  
this interest. For an entertaining work  
of this sort we know of nothing better  
than Leigh Hunt's "The Town," a vol-  
ume full of reminiscences of persons  
and places that we are perpetually  
coming across in our English reading.  
Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Reynolds  
and all the other great names men-  
tioned in the foregoing paper (that is of  
a century or more ago) have, of course,  
places in his pages.

Note.—The study of Tolstoy and the  
Literature of Russia by Dr. Parrott of  
Princeton will be commenced to-mor-  
row.

EXAMINATIONS AND CERTI-  
FICATES.

At the end of the term of seventeen  
weeks, a series of questions on each  
course, prepared by Professor Seymour  
Eaton, will be published in THE VIR-  
GINIAN-PILOT, and blanks containing the  
questions will be furnished every sub-  
scriber making application for same.  
Two weeks will be allowed after the  
courses close, for the receipt of exami-  
nation papers containing answers.  
These papers will be referred to a  
Board of Examiners, who will assist  
Professor Eaton, and as soon as the  
work of examination is complete, the  
result will be reported, and certificates  
issued to the students entitled to them.

Take Norfolk and Ocean View rail-  
way and its steamer "Vigilant," pass-  
ing close to former Spanish cruiser  
"Reina Mercedes," now anchored off  
Old Point. my23-41

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the merits of The Gale Jewelry Com-  
pany's "Diamond and Watch Club."  
Ninth club now forming; no install-  
ment plan, but \$1 a week.

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others. RUDOLPH & WALLACE.